



To the most mighty Monarch of *Mont-
zago*, the modell of Magnanimity, the
map of man-darring Monster-quellers, the thrice three
times trebble triple renowned *Alphebo*, ornamented hono-
rable Knight of *Standfolio*, *Tveldeco*, *Marona*, *Fregero*, *Anda-
lomfia*, and the sky-scaling mountaine of *Mulleito*. Illustri-
ous *Pheander*, victorious and valarous Champion to *Don
Phæbus*, great Duke of *Delphos*, and the Oracle of *Apollo*;
Marquesse of *Muzetta*, and the lake *Asse-Phalites*: Earle of
Vtopia; Lord and Dominator of the Promontory of *Poli-
pratemost*: Thevnconquer'd all-conquering *Mayden Knight*,
by reuelation, by creation, by procreation, and conten-
tation: the vnmatched Phoenix, and foure-fold comman-
der of the *Inchanted Islands*, by nomination, by Banner, by
warlike atchieuements, by natiuity, by descent and proesse,
matchlesse and voparelleld Sir *Thomas Parsons*, Knight of the
Sunne, great cousin Vermin to the seldome seene Queene of *Fayries*, and
hopefull heire apparant to her inuisible Kingdome.

VNmatchable Cheualiere, I am bolde to
commit a poore Goose to your impregnable protection
and patronage, I know there will be as much to doe in
the keeping of her, and with as much danger, as was
the conquest of the Golden Fleece, the Apples of the *Hesperides*, or the
sawing of *Andromeda* by *Perseus*: & but that your valiant atchieue-
ments

The Epistle Deceased

ments are knowne and approued, I would neuer haue put my Goose to your invincible Guard, the enemies that will assault you, or attempt to take her from you, are many, whom in due civill courtesie I will describe unto you: First the Powlters will assault you with a terrible battay of rotten Eg-shot, to surrender the innocent Goose, that they may murder, embowell, pull, plucke, and prostitute her to the sale of whogives most. Secondly, the Upholsters will come upon you with a fresh Alarm for her feathers, to stuffe the empty paunches of their Bolsters, Pillowes, and hungry Bed-likes. Thirdly, the Crookes in squadrons, armed with Dripping-pannes and Spits instead of Speares, before they will loose their Fees, (and the loking of their fingers to boote) will fight hotly for the Goose till all smoke againe. Fourthly, the Apothecaries (rather then they will want the sweetnesse of the pinguidity or fecundious fat of the Gooses auxungia (vulgarly called grease) they will so pelt you with Pills instead of pellets, that they will make all sinke againe. Fifthly, the Kitchen-mayde will throw scalding water at you, but shee will haue one of her wings to sweepe downe Cobwebs, and dispossesse Spiders of the habitations they haue built out of their owne bowels. Sixtly, the Fletchers, and Archers, sweare they will pinke your skinne full of Hot-holes, but they will haue her pyrimms to make them flye faster dead then the Gorse could lining. Seauembly, the Poets for her Quills will call another penny-lesse threed-bare Parliament, and ordaine Satiricall Statutes, and Tragicall Aets against you, and with their scattered imaginations they will scale the skyes as high as fullen Saturnes Altitude, and rake into the lowest profundity of Barathrum, forraging through the earth, ayre and seas; but they will stigmatize, cauterize, Epigrammatize, and Annagratize you, till you make a surrender. Eightly, the Lawyers will sirke and sirret you, to sing you betwixt hard fortune and ill lucke, that you will be almost mad, or be in great danger to haue very little wit left. Ninthly, the Scriueners, publike Notaries, or notorious Publicans, will not onely ioyne with the Lawyers and the Poets against you: but they will neuer procure you any money

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

money when you neede, without exceſſive brokage, great credit, or good ſecurity. Terribly, Shop-keepers (if you hold the Goofes Quills from them) haue ſworne that they will euer keepe you cut of their bookes. And laſtly; Schoole-boyes will throw whole voleyces of ſtones at you, where euer they ſee you; if you allow them not Pennes, though it be but to ſcrible or make Iemes letters.

Thus hauing laide open to your Herculean view, the labours and dangers that you are like to ſuffer in protecting the Goofe, Now I thinke it fit (vnder correction) to cloſe up my Dedication with ſome diſtuffull counſell, that though your enemies are mighty and many, and that they doe preuaile againſt you; and with their multitude take from you both the fleſh and feathers of the Goofe, (which indeede belongs not to you, nor doe I dedicate them to you) yet here is your true honour, and that which makes all men admire you, that her better part, her genious, her intellectuall vnderſtanding, her capacity; and reuerend grauity, her wiſedome, and her very ſpirit; neither man, deuill, or Dragon, is able to bereane you of, as long as you haue a ſword to defend it. I haue dedicated a Booke of a Begger at this time to Archy, but moſt noble Str, onely to you my Goofe, ſo leauing you. Not doubting of your acceptance, and protection: I wiſh you ſuch encrease of honor as is ſuitable to your Heroick endencurs, and vnimitable wiſedome.

He that truly neither
wonders or admires at
your worthineſſe,

John Taylor.

11-13-11-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-10

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TAYLORS GOOSE.



Hen restlesse *Phabus*. seem'd himselfe to rest
His flaming Carre, descending to the West,
And *Hesperus* obscur'd her twinkling light:
Then in a sable mantle, (Madame Night)
Tooke of the world the sole cōmand, & keepe
Charming the eyes of Mortalls found a sleepe:
She sent dull *Morpheus* forth, and *Somnus* both,
(The Leaden Potentates of Sleepe and Sloth)
Who vnto eüery one good Rest imparts
Saue Louers, guilty mindes, and carefull harts.
The stealing howers, creep'd on with sleeping pace,
When masqued Midnight shew'd her *Ebon* face;
When Haggas and Furies, Witches, Fairies, Elues,
Ghosts, Sprites and Goblins doe disport themselues:
When fond imaginarie dreames doe raigne
In formelette formes, in mans molested braine:
On such a time, I sleeping in my bed,
An vnaccustom'd dreame came in my head,
Me thought as neere vnto a Riuers side,
Within a pleasant Groue I did abide,
That all the feathered birds that swims or flies,
Or liues betwixt the breeding earth and skies,
One at the least of eüery seuerall sort,
Did for their recreation there resort.

There

Taylor's Goose.

There was such strange variety of notes
Such warbling, and such whistling from their throates:
The Base, the Tenour, Treble, and the Meane,
All acting various Actions in one Sceaue:
The sober Goose (not thinking ought amisse)
Amongst the rest did (harshly) keake and hisse;
At which the Peacocke, and the pyde-coate lay,
Said, take the foolish gaggling Goose away.
The Goose (though angry) with a modest looke,
Seem'd as she gently this affront would brooke.
When all the Fowles in generall out did breake,
Commanding her she should not dare to speake.
Away the melancholly Goose return'd,
And in a banke of Reede she sate and mourn'd,
Complaining 'gainst the hatefull multitude,
And iustly taxing with Ingratitude
The Race of all mortality; and then
Is none (quoth she) suruiuing amongst men,
That will my true worth search and vnderstand,
And in my quarrell take a Pen in hand,
And in a stately high Heroick stile,
My Predecessours noble Acts compile,
From age to age descending vnto me,
That my succeeding Issue all may see
The admirable deedes that I haue done,
And runne that worthy course that I haue runne.
O impious age when there is no defence
For Vertue and for hated Innocence:
When Flatt'rers, Fooles, and Fidlers are rewarded,
When I must liue vnpietied vnregarded.
• Me thought these last words ended with a keake
Of such great force, as if her heart would breake;

Taylors Goose.

At which I starting wakned from my dreame,
And made the Gooses wrong, my Muses theame
I arose, put on my cloathes, sate downe, and than
I tooke my Pen in hand, and thus began.

¶ From darke Obliuions den I here let loose
Th'imprison'd honour of the famous Goose:
In her creation and originall,
And after in the law Leuiticall,
And at all times before and since the Flood,
A Goose hath iustly gain'd the name of good.
To value her with any other Bird,

Comparisons are weake and meere absurd:
First for her flesh, she is mans dayly fare;
She's good, she's cheape, she's plenty, and she's rare:

Bake her, or roast her, vse her as you will,
And Cooke her as she should be, she's good still:
But as great summes are made with little driblets,

A good
Goose.

So put the Hares head 'gainst the Gooses giblets;

• And men may peice a dinner vp (perhaps)
Which otherwise would rise with hungry chaps:

For the olde Prouerbe, I must here apply,

Good meate men may picke from a Gooses eye.

She is good fresh, but better two dayes salted,

For then she'll try if Ale or Beere be Malted;

Her greace is excellent (*probatum est*)

For such as numnesse in their ioynts molest:

For the Sciatica, the Crampe, or Gowte

It either cures or eases, out of doubt.

Mix'd with Stauesacre, and *Argentum viue*,

It will not leaue a man a Lowse aliue.

Her lungs and lyuer into powder dride,

And fasting in an Asses milke applide,

Taylor's Goose.

Is an experienc'd Cordiall for the Spleene,
As oftentimes it hath approued beene.
Her braines, with Salt and Pepper, if you blend
And eate, they will the vnderstanding mend.
Her Gall, if one be but with drinke opprest,
Or meate, or fruit, and cannot well digest:
But swallow't downe, and take the'tother Cup,
And presently'twill fetch the rest all vp.
And thus a Goose, for med'cine and for food,
I haue Annatomiz'd exceeding good.
As for her qualities, whilst she doth liue,
She doth example and instruction giue:
Her modesty and affability
Shewes she's descended from Gentility,
For if they be a hundred in a troope,
To a Barne dore in courtesie thei'le stoope.
How neate and comely they themselues will pick,
That no one feather out of order stick:
How grauely they from place to place will waggle,
And how (like Gossips) freely they will gaggie,
That sure I thinke, the fashion of their prate,
Our wiues at Gossippings doe imitate.
In * *Plinie* and in *Gesner* I doe finde,
That Geese are of strange sundry sorts and kinde.
In *Scotland* there are Geese which grow on Trees,
(Which much from humane reason disagrees)
Bred by the Ayre and Sunnes all-quickning fire
That ne're was Egge, nor e're had Dam or Sire.
Then there's a *Soleand* Goose, which they so call,
Because the female hath but one in all,
Sole is as much to say, as be alone,
And neuer *Soleand* Goose did hatch but one.

* Books
which I
never read.

Taylor's Goose.

Or else the name of them may well proceede
From the Dams foote-sole, whence they all doe breede,
Which in her Clawe she holdes vntill it hatch
The Gander fetches food, the Goose doth watch.

The Winchester Goose.

Then there's a Goose that breeds at *Winchester*,
And of all Geese, my minde is least to her:
For three or foure weekes after she is Rost,
She keepes her heate more hotter then a tost.
She's seldome got or hatch'd with honesty,
From Fornication and Adultery,
From reaking Lust, foule Incest, beastly Rape,
She hath her birth, her breeding, and her shape.
Besides Whoremongers, Panders, Bawdes and Pimpes,
Whores, Harlots, Curtezans, and such base Impes,
Luxurious, leacherous Goates, that hunt in Flockes,
To catch the Glangore, Grinkums, or the Pockes.
Thus is she got with pleasure, bred with paine,
And scarce ere comes where honest men remaine.
This Goose is worst of all, yet is most deare,
And may be had (or heard of) any where.
A Pander is the Cater, to the Feast,
A Bawde the Kitchin Clerke, to see her drest.
A Whore the Cooke, that in a pockey heate,
Can dresse a dish fit for the Deuill to eate.
The hot whore-hunter for the Goose doth serue,
The whilst the Surgeon, and Physitian carue,
The Apothecary giues attendance still,
For why the sauce lyes onely in his Bill.

These Se-
land Geese
doe breed
in a litle I-
land in Scot-
land 1. mile
within the
Sea, called
the Bassi, be-
twene 25.
& 30. miles
beyond Ber-
wick, where
they are in
such abun-
dance that
the Lord
(or owner)
of the lland
doth year-
ly receiue
for these
Geese 100.
li. sterling.

Taylors Goose.

There hath a Turkey at *Newmarket* bin,
Which to this Goose was somewhat neere a kin:
And some report, that both these Fowles haue seene
Their like; that's but a payre of sheeres betweene.
And one of them (to set them truly forth)
Costs more the dressing then they both are worth.
This Goose is no way to be tollerated,
But of good men to be dispisde and hated,
For one of these, if it be let alone,
Will eate the owner to the very bone.
Moreouer, it from Nature is contrary,
And from all other Creatures quite doth vary:
For of all breeding things that I could heare,
The Males doe still beget, and Females beare.
But this hath euer a Dam masculine
Engendred by a Father Feminine.
Quite kim kam, wiw waw, differing from all other,
The Sire's a Female, and a Male the Mother.
But cease my Muse soyle not thy purer straine,
With such contagious mud, rowze rowze againe
From this polluted puddle, and once more,
Take the same Theame in hand thou hadst before.

The Taylors Goose.

BVt yet a little mirth doth make me stay:
A *Taylors* Goose comes wadling in my way.
A thing I cannot giue the Epithite
Of Male or Female, or Hermophrodite.
Of *Vulcans* brood it is, whose Dam and Sire,
Was windy bellowes, smoake, and flaming Fire.

Taylor's Goose.

By Nature it should much delight to lye,
For in a Forge it had Natiuity:
Yet it with lying doth no hurt commit,
Stealing is more adicted vnto it;
And yet to Seele it is so neare a kin,
That to be true it doth opinion win.
Tis mettle to the hard backe, I am sure,
And 'tis a dish, will ten mens liues endure.
Be it of Age a hundred winters long,
It is as tender as 'twas when 'twas young.
A Cooke from it can get but slender fees,
It hath no Giblets, like to other Geese.
It neither breeds nor feedes, yet doth this good,
It doth helpe others to get cloathes and food.
And of all Geese shee's tameſt, ſhee'l nor roame,
This Goose a man may alwayes haue at home:
'Tis dyet onely for an Eſtrich tooth,
It cannot cog, yet very much doth ſmooth.
It puts downe all the Fowles that ere man ſaw,
'Tis often Roſted, yet 'tis euer Raw,
It is a bird that any Slut may dreſſe,
It knowes no Warres, yet euery day doth Preſſe.
And to conclude it is a meſſe of meate,
Which who ſo can diſgeſt it, let him eate.

The praiſe of the Gray Goose wing.

THe *Wimbeſter* and *Taylor's* Goose I ſee,
Are both too heauy, and too hot for me:
I will returne the honour to Emblaze,
Of the Gray Goose that on the Greene doth graze.

Taylor's Goose.

To speake of wandring Wild-geese in this place,
Were (like a Goose) to runne the wildgoose Chase:
The *Egyptians* did obserue their wonted guise,
How in the Skie they flew triangle wise,
Which with one Corner forward, is their drift,
Thus figured to cut the Ayre more swift.
For me the wilde-Goose is too high a game,
My minde is onely to the Goose that's tame,
I in her Fleashes praise haue wrote before,
But yet her Feathers doth deserue much more.
They are of farre more estimate and price
Then th' *Elstrich*, or the bird of *Paradice*,
The *Rauen*, the *Crow*, the *Daw* in mourning dight,
The prating *Pye* attyr'd in blacke and white,
The *Buzzard*, *Redshanke*, *Kite*, *Owle*, *Gull* and *Rooke*,
The fabled *Phenix* that breeds where (goe looke,)
The *Pheasant*, *Partridge*, *Turtle*, *Plouer*, *Pidgeon*,
The *Woodcock*, *Woodquist*, *Woodpecker*, & *Widgeon*,
The *Iay*, the *Snipe*, the *Teale*, the *Cocke*, the *Hen*,
The *Chogh*, the *Larke*, the *Lapwing*, and the *Wren*,
The *Falkon*, the *Gerfaulkon*, *Hobby*, *Marlin*,
The *Sparrowhauke*, the *Goshauke*, *Tassell*, *Starlin*,
The *Haggard*, *Keistrell*, *Lanneret*, *Cormorant*,
The *Caperkelly*, and the *Termagant*,
The *Bunting*, *Heathcocke*, *Crane* and *Pellican*,
The *Turkey*, *Mallard*, *Ducke*, the *Storke*, the *Swan*,
The *Pewet*, *Parrot*, and the *Popingay*,
The *Eagle*, and the *Cassawaraway*,
The *Sheldrake*, *Bittour*, *Blackbird*, *Nightingale*,
The *Cuckow* that is alwaies in one tale,
The *Sparrow* of the hedge, or of the house,
The *Ringdoue*, *Redbreast*, and the *Tittimouse*,

The

Taylor's Goose.

The Bulfinch, Goldfinch, Ringtaile, Wagtaile, and
The Hearne that liues by water and by land :

The Swallow, Martin, Lennet, and the Thrush,

The Mauiſ that ſings ſweetly in the buſh ;

The Morecoote, the Kingfiſher, and the Quaile ;

The Peacock, with his proud vaine-glorious taile.

Theſe ſorts of Birds that I haue nam'd before,

If they were thrice redoubled three times more,

And let men value them but as they are,

They cannot with the Goole (for worth) compare.

Many of theſe doe feed on Carrion ſtill,

And ſtill are Carrion, euer being ill,

Neither in fleſh or feathers they afford

To doe man ſeruice at his bed or boord.

And ſome of them yeeld Plumes, and ornaments

for Ladies, and for Knightly Tournaments :

But let theſe toyes be weighed but iuſt and right,

And thei'le be found as vaine as they are light.

• Others there are, as Parrots, Stares, Pyes, Dawes,

Are mightily accounted of, becauſe

They can ſpeake perfect none-ſence, prate and chatter,

Feeding the eare : theſe fowles make fooles the fatter.

Then there are others great, and ſmall in ſiſe,

But great all for the greatneſſe of their price,

Moſt pleaſantly their fleſh men doe deuoure,

The ſawce lyes in the reckoning, ſharpe and ſowre.

• Some are to ſing continually in Cages,

And get but bread and water for their wages.

And others, with great paines men doe procure

With coſt of Manning, Diet, Hood, Bels, Lure ;

The pleaſure's little, and the gaine is ſmall,

A Goole for profit doth ſurpaſſe them all.

When

Taylor's Goose.

When with her flesh mans stomach she hath fed,
She giues him ease and comfort in his bed:
She yeelds no whim-whams wauering on his crest,
But she relieues him with repose and rest.
And though the world be hard, she layes him soft,
She beares the burthen, and he lyes aloft:
Let him be drunke, or weary, sicke, or lame,
She's *semper idem*, alwayes one the same.
Thus to supply our wants, and serue our needs,
Good meate and lodging from a Goose proceedes.
Besides she loues not farre abroad to gad,
But at all times she's easie to be had;
As if (to satisfie mans hungry gut,)
She wayted still that he her throat should cut.
Men neede not be at charge for Hawkes and Dogs,
And ride, and run o're hedge, ditch, mires, and bogs:
She's quickly caught, and drest well, eates as pleasant
As (farre fetch'd deere bought) Partridge or a Pheasant.
Throughout the world the Trump of Fame loud rings,
T'emplaze the glory of the Gooses wings:
The Romane Eagle ne're had spread so farre,
But that the gray Goose was the Conquerer.
Sesoftris King of Egypt with her feather,
Rain'd stormes and showres of Arrowes, like foule weather,
And ouercame the Iewes, th'Assirians,
Th'Arabians, Scithians, Germanes, Thracians.
The Huns, the Gothes, the Vandals, and the Galls,
With Arrowes made great *Rome* their seuerall thralls:
The Philistines were mighty Bow-men all,
With which they got the conquest of King *Saul*.
Cyrus with thousands of his Persians
With Shafts were slaine by the Messagetans,
Turkes,

Taylors Goose.

Turkes, Tartars, Troyans, and the Parthians,
Danes, Saxons, Swetians, and Pollonians;
Yea, all the Nations the whole world around,
The gray-Goose-wing hath honour'd and renound.
But why should I roame farre and wide aloofe,
When our owne Kingdome yeelds sufficient prooffe,
But search the Chronicles, it is most plaine,
That the Goose wing braue Conquests did obtaine.
Remember valiant *Edwards* name (the third)
How with the wing of this deseruing Bird,
When to small purpose seru'd his Shield or Lance:
At *Cressie* hee ore-top'd the powre of *France*.
And after that, remember but agen
That Thunder-bolt of warre, that *Mars* of men,
The black Prince *Edward*, his victorious sonne,
How he at *Poyctures* a braue battaile wonne,
Where the French King and many Pieres were tane,
Their Nobles, and their Gentles most part slaine,
And thirty thousand of their Commons more
Lay in the field all weltring in their gore.
Henry the fift (that memorable King)
All *France* did vnto his subiection bring,
When forty thousand of the French men lay
At *Agincourt*, slaine in that bloody fray.
And though true valour did that conquest win,
But for the Gooses wing it had not bin.
In these things, and much more then I can say,
The Gooses feather bore the prize away.
If I should write all in particular,
What this rare feather hath atchieu'd in war,
Into a sea of matter I should runne,
And so begin a worke will ne're be done.

Taylor's Goose.

And thus from time to time it hath appear'd,
How the gray Goose hath brauely domineer'd:
With swiftly cutting through the empty skie,
Triumphantly transporting victorie
From land to land, offending and defending
The Conquest on the Arrowes still depending.
Our English Yeomen, in the dayes of old,
Their names and fames haue worthily extold,
Witnesse that Leash, that stout admired three,
Braue *Adam Bell*, *Clim Clough*, *Will Clowdeslee*.
I could capitulate, and write vpon
Our English *Robin Hood*, and little *John*,
How with this feather they haue wone renowne,
That euermore their memories shall crowne.
And e're the Deuill these damned Gunnes deuise'd,
Or hellish powder here was exercis'd,
With the Goose wing we did more honour get,
More nobly gain'd, then Gunnes could euer get.
And how hath Vice our worthy land infected,
Since Archery hath beene too much neglected?
The time that men in shooting spent before,
Is now (perhaps) peruerted to a Vwhere,
Or bowling, swearing, drinke, or damned Dice,
Is now most Gentleman-like exercise.
But for these few that in those dayes remaine,
Who are adicted to this shooting veine:
Let men but note their worthy disposition,
And we shall see they are of best condition,
Free honest spirits, such as men may trust,
In all their actions, constant, true and iust.
It is a thing I haue obserued long,
An Archers minde is cleare from doing *wrong:

Something
in praise of
the exer-
cise of shoo-
ing.

For the
most part
this is ge-
nerall.

It

Taylor's Goose.

It is a note worthy respect, and marke,
An Archer is no base defamed Sharke,
Not giuen to pride, to couetousnesse, or
To swearing, which all good men doe abhorre;
Nor doth he exercise, or take delight,
To cheate, to cogge, to lye, and to backbite,
But with most louing friendly conuersation,
He practiseth this manly recreation.
There was a Statute in th'eight *Henries* raigne,
Which Statute yet doth in full force remaine,
And-as it stands in force, so doth my Muse
Wish that it were obseru'd, and kept in vse.
Within these few yeares (I to minde doe call)
The Yeomen of the Guard were Archers all,
A hundred at a time I oft haue seene,
With Bowes and Arrowes ride before the Queene,
Their Bowes in hand, their Quiuers on their shoulders,
Was a most stately shew to the beholders:
And herein, if men rightly doe obserue,
The Arrowes did for two good vses serue:
First, for a shew of great magnificence,
And trusty weapons for to guard their Prince.
Prince *Charles* (our hope of *Britaines* happinesse)
Doth his affection oftentimes expresse:
With many Noble men of worthy race,
Doe with their best performance, shooting grace:
And long may these superiour Worthies liue,
Example to th'inferiour sort to giue,
That though this exercise be much declin'd,
May some supporters and defenders finde.
King *Saul's* braue sonne (true hearted *Jonathan*)
Dauids true friend, a Prince, a valiant man,

K. Henry 8.
did with
the consent
of the 3. e-
states in
the Parlia-
ment, enact
a Statute,
for shoo-
ting: which
Statute is
stil of force,
though not
in vse.
Q. Elizabeth.

The High-
land men
or Red-
shanks in
Scotland,
are exceed-
ding good
Archers.
A. Samu. J. R.

Taylor's Goose.

Did in this noble quality excell,
As the true story of his life doth tell.
King *David* made a Law, and did command,
That shooting should be taught within this land.
Thus from true Histories we plainly see,
That shooting is of great antiquity:
And that the glory of the Gooses wings
Hath beene aduanc'd by Princes, Lords and Kings,
And that yet Princes, Pieres and Potentates,
And best of all conditions and estates,
Doe giue to Archery the praise and prise
Of the best, manly, honest exercise.

The praise of the Gooses Quill.

ANd thus for Shooters hauing shew'd my skill,
I'll now say somewhat for the Gooses Quill.
Great *Mars* his Trayne of Millitary men
I leaue, and turne the Shaft into a Pen:
The Gooses feathers seth sundry parts,
And is an Instrument both of Armes and Arts.
Many diuine and heauenly mysteries,
And many memorable Histories
Had with blinde Ignorance beene ouer-growne,
And (were't not for the Pen) had ne're beene knowne.
The Muses might in *Pernaß* hill haue staide,
Their fames had ne're been through the world displaide,
But that the Gooses Quill with full consent,
Was found to be the fittest Instrument
To be their *Numina*, and to disperse
Their glory through the spacious Vniuerse.

Taylor's Goose.

Grammar (that of all Science is the ground)
Without it, in forgetfulnesse were drownd,
And Rethorick (the sweet rule of eloquence)
Through the Goose Quill distills it's Quintessence:
Logick with difinitions (I am sure)
Were nothing, or else very much obscure:
Astronomie would lye, or lye forgot
And scarce remembred, or regarded not;
Arithmetick would erre exceedingly,
Forgetting to deuide and multiply:
Geometry would lose the Altitude,
The crasse Longitude and Latitude:
And Musick in poore case would be o're-throwne,
But that the Goose Quill pricks the Lessons downe.
Thus all the liberall Sciences are still
In generall beholding to the Quill.
Embassages to farre remoted Princes,
Bonds, Obligations, Bills and Euidences,
Letters' twixt foe and foe, or friend and friend,
To gratulate, instruct, or reprehend,
Assurances, where faith and troath is scant,
To make the faithlesse to keepe couenant;
The Potent weapon of the reuerend Law,
That can giue life or death, saue, hang or draw,
That with a royall, or a noble dash,
Can from the Kings Exchequer fetch the Cash.
To most Shop-keepers it a reckoning makes,
What's got or lost, what he layes out, or takes;
Without the Goose a Scriuener were a foole,
Her Quill is all his onely working toole:
And sure a Goose is of a wondrous nature,
Contrary to each other liuing creature,

Taylor's Goose.

Things that in water, earth, or ayre, hath growth,
And feede and liue, bite onely with the mouth:
But the Goose with sophisticated skill,
Doth bite most dangerously with her quill,
Yet is she free from prodigality,
And most of all bites partiality:

A shrewd biting beast
She oft with biting makes a Knight a detter,
And rankle to a begger, little better.
She oft hath bit a Gallant from his land
With quick conueyance, and by slight of hand
Sometimes her biting is as durable
As is a Gangren, most incurable,
And many that into her fangs doe fall,
Do take the Counters for their Hospitall;
A Forger, or a Villaine that forswears,
Or a false Witnesse, she bites off their eares:
On me her power she many times hath showne,
And made me pay more debts then were mine owne.
Thus doth her Quill bite more then doth her chaps,
To teach fooles to beware of after-claps.
They say in Latine that a Gooses name
Is ANSER, which made in an Annagram,
Is SNARE, in English, which doth plaine declare,
That she to fooles and knaues will be a snare.
Indeede she oft hath beene a snare to mee,
My selfe was in the fault, alas not shee.

Hereupon began the
Proverb, of
good Goose
bite not.

*The memorable honour of the Goose for saving
the Capitall at Rome.*

BVt now to shew her neuer dying name,
And how at Rome she wan deseruing fame:

When

Taylor's Goose.

When barbarous *Brennus*, cruell King of *Galls*,
Had wasted *Italy*, and raz'd *Romes* walls :
When deuastation did depopulate,
With sword and furious fire the *Romane* state.
When many a throat was tyrannously cut,
And all the Citie to the sack was put :
When many of the Citizens did flye
Into the Capitall to liue and dye,
Whereas the Image of great *Iupiter*,
(The rip rap, thwick thwack thumping thunderer)
Was of refined gold, adorn'd, ador'd,
Where helpelesse fooles, poore helpelesse helpe implor'd.
The Capitall a goodly building was,
And did (for strength) by Art and Nature passe,
So that the people that were there within,
Thought it impregnable, that none could win :
But slender watch vpon the walls they kept,
And (thinking all secure) secure they slept,
They thought *Ioues* Statue, and his Temple there,
Was a sure guard, that foes they need not feare :
But *Ioue* these dangers did not vnderstand,
Or else he had some other worke in hand :
Perhaps poore *Io* like a Cowe in shape,
He like a Bull then wrong'd with beastly rape,
Or like a Swan for *Leada*, he thought fit,
In that fowles forme, that foule fault to commit:
Perchance that time faire *Danae* to intrap,
He rain'd bewitching gold into her lap ;
He then (perhaps) did to *Alcmena* goe,
And made a Cuckold of *Amphitrio*,
Or else to *Semele* that time he came,
And burnt his burning loue with lightnings flame,
Perhaps

Taylors Goose.

Perhaps with *Hele* he the Ram did play,
 Or with *Europa* toy'd the time away,
Mnemosyne he could not let alone,
 Or he to *Hebe* at that time was gone,
 It may be to *Antiopa* he went,
 Or to *Astery*, for his more content:
 Or it may be he lay within his bed,
 And play'd, and fool'd with wanton *Ganimede*:

Jupiter ei-
 ther could
 not or wold
 not help to
 defend the
 Capitall, or
 or else like
 many braue
 whoremai-
 sters, hee
 had more
 mind of his
 leacherie
 then his
 honour: so
 that had it
 not bin for
 the Goose,
 his golden
 Image had
 bin taken
 prisoner by
 the enemy.

But whither *Jupiter* that time was got,
 He to defend the Capitoll was not,
 Vnlesse he were transformed wondrous strange,
 And to a Gooses shape his Godhead change:
 For all the Guard were sleeping at that time,
 When as the armed Galls the walls did clime.
 Then when the Watch did to destruction sleepe,
 The carefull Goose true sentinell did keepe,
 She spide the foe, and keak'd out an Alarme,
 At which the Sleepers wak'd, and cri'd, Arme Arme:
 Then they their Enemies in fury slew,
 Which downe the battlements in heapes they threw.
 And thus a Goose the honour did obtaine,
 To saue the Romanes, which had else beene slaine:
 And to preserue the famous Capitall,
 And set *Rome* free from the insulting Gall.
 The *Romane* Generall that time, as then
 Was manly *Marlinus*, a stout man of men.
 The Senate gratefully did raise anon,
 An Altar with a golden Goose thereon,
 And for the Gooses seruice had beene such,
 They alowd almes-Oates from the common Hutch,
 For olde and sicke decayed Geese to feede,
 In memory of that braue Gooses deede.

Taylor's Goose.

Why should the Eagle be the Bird of Ioue,
When as the Goose deserueth so much loue?
'Tis plaine and euident the Goose was cause,
That all *Rome* scap't from speedy Martiall lawes.
Yet did the *Romans* (like ingratefull Nags)
Aduance an Eagles portait in their Flags,
When as *Cornelius Agrippa* sayes,
The Goose deseru'd it more by many wayes.
Now hauing done the Capitoll Goose right,
He try some other wayes to breed delight.

Cornelius Agrippa, in his
vanity of
Sciences,
pag. 137.
Cap. 81.

Goosefote in Lincolnshire.

IN *Lincolnshire* an ancient Towne doth stand,
Call'd *Goosefote*, that hath neither fallow'd Land,
Or Woods, or any fertile pasture Ground,
But is with watry Fens incompast round.
The people there haue neither Horse or Cowe,
Nor Sheepe, nor Oxe, or Ass, nor Pig, or Sowe:
Nor Creame, Curds, Whig, Whay, Buttermilke or Cheese,
Nor any other liuing thing but Geese.
The Parson of the Parish takes great paines,
And tyth Geese onely, are his labours gaines:
If any Charges there must be defray'd,
Or Impositions on the Towne is layd,
As Subsidies, or Fifteenes for the King,
Or to mend Bridges, Churches any thing.
Then those that haue of Geese the greatest store,
Must to these Taxes pay so much the more.
Nor can a man bee raise to Dignity,
But as his Geese increase and multiply.

Taylor's Goose.

And as mens Geese wax more and more, and breed,
From Office vnto office they proceed.
A man that hath but with twelue Geese began,
In time hath come to be a Tythingman:
And with great Credit past that Office thorough
(His Geese increasing) hee hath bin Headborough.
Then (as his Flocke in number are accounted)
Vnto a Constable, he hath bin mounted.
And so from place to place he doth aspire,
And as his Geese grow more hee's raised higher.
Tis onely Geese there that doe men prefer,
And 'tis a Rule, no Goose, no Officer.
At *Hunnilbourne*, a Towne in *Warwickshire*,
What Gogmagog Gargantua Geese are there,
For take a Goose that from that place hath bin,
That's leane, and nough but feathers, bones and skin,
And bring her thither, and with little cost
Shee'l bee as fat as any Bawde, almost.
For take foure Geese, and with a like expence,
Feed one there, and the others two miles thence,
And shee that feedes at *Hunnilbourne* shall bee
More worth in weight and price, then th' other three.
She shall with Flesh vnable be to goe,
I cannot yeeld the Reason, but 'tis so*.

* A womans
Reason.

*Goose Faire at Stratford Bowe, the Thursday after
whitsontide.*

AT Bowe the Thursday after Pentecost,
There is a Faire of Greene Geese, ready Rost,
Whereas

Taylor's Goose.

The Description of
Greene-
goose Faire

Whereas a Goose is very dogcheape there,
The Sauce is onely somewhat sharpe and deare,
There (e're they scarce haue feathers on their backe)
By hundreds and by heapes they goe to wracke,
There is such Baking, roasting, broyling, boyling,
Such swearing, drabbing, dancing, dicing, toying,
Such shifting, sharking, Cheating, smoaking, stinking,
Such Gormondizing, Cramming, Guzling, Drinking:
As if the world did runne on wheelles away,
Or all the Deuils in hell kept Holiday.
And as Hearbes, Flowers and Weedes together grow,
So people are that day at *Stratford Bowe*.
There sits a Cheater with a simple Gull,
And there an Honest woman, there a Trull,
Yonder a Fidler dawb'd with greace and Ale,
And there an Assie telling an Idle tale.
There's one a Roasting, yonders one a Stewing,
And yon's one drinks vntill he fall a spewing:
There's a kinde Cuckold with his Wife doth wander,
To exercise the office of a Pander,
His Pimship with his Punke despight the horne,
Eate Gosling giblets in a fort of Come.
There is ran tan Tom Tinker and his Tib,
And there's a Iugler with his fingers glib.
There throngs a Cutpurse, with his working toole
And there's a gallant Coxcombe, there's a Foole.
There's foure or fise together by the eares,
And tnmble in the Dirt like Dogs and Beares.
One staggering there hath got the Drunken yox,
And there's one swaggering's fast within the Stocks.
Thus with these Galleymaufry humours still,
These Linsley wolsey posteres, Good and Ill,

Taylor's Goose.

These mingle mangle, motly toyes they spend
The time, till night doth make them homeward wend.
Then they returne as wise as Geese away,
For whom so many Geese were slaine that day.
They brought both wit and money with them thither,
But with the Geese 'tis all deuour'd together.
And if they were but taught as well as fed,
More Coyne were sau'd, and man a wiser head.

Thus (as my Muse is able) I haue told
How that a Gooses vse is manifold.
How many severall sortes of Geese there are,
Some wilde, some tame, some to neare, some to farre.
How from her Flesh and entrailes, it is plaine,

Food, Physicke,
Lodging, Artes,
Armes, and
good Society,
all from
a Goose.

Good food and Physicke dayly we obtaine:
How freely she doth play the true vpholster,
And fill with Feathers, pillowes, bed and bolster.

And how in many an honorable War,
The Gray Goose wing hath bin the vanquisher.

The necessary uses of her Quill;

How to the good 'tis good, Ill to the ill.

And Shooting heere (according to my loue)

To bee a noble Exercise I proue.

And how the Goose *Rome's* Capitoll did saue,

(As sayes the Story) I described haue.

And now let men examine well and try

If any Bird in water, earth or Sky,

Or all in generall together are,

With the good Goose (for worth) to make Compare.

Many absurdly, Idle, foolish, base,

Will call a man a Goose in foule disgrace:

When if men rightly vnderstood the same,

A man is honour'd with a Gooses name.

Taylor's Goose.

For though the Eagle be of Birdes the King,
Yet 'tis a Rauenous, greedy hurtfull thing.
And he that with that tittle me should call,
I had as leiuie he call'd me Theefe withall.
Shee while she liues doth yeeld reliefe to many,
And aliuie or dead, beholding not to any.
She hath maintain'd ten thousand men,
With food, and Physicke, Lodging, Shafts and Pen,
And lastly (not to charge them any wayes)
Her owne Quill heere, writes her owne worthy praise.
Because a Goose is Common, and not Deere,
She amongst fooles is small esteemed here.
So Blackberryes, that grow on euery bryer,
Because th'are plenty few men doe desire:
Spanish Potatoes are accounted dainty,
And English Persneps are course meate though plenty.
But if those Berryes or those Rootes were scant,
They would be thought as rare, through little want,
That we should eate them, and a price allow
As much as Strawberryes, and Potatoes now.
Why Bread is common, hauing still our fill
We thinke not on, because we haue it still:
But if we want Bread then we doe remember,
We want the Groundworke of our belly timber.
The Light is common, which few thinke vpon,
Till Night doth put her blindfold muffer on,
And all attyr'd in mourning blacke as pitch,
Then men misse light, and tumble in the Ditch.
So should we want a Gooses Flesh and Feather,
The quantity of fīue yeares but together:
We then should all confesse with one consent,
How that a Goose were superexcellent.

Taylor's Goose.

Many good blessings we too much forget,
Cause they are neere and Cheape, not farre to fet.
Me thinks I heare some Cuckow, or some Iay,
Some Daw, some Pye, some Gull, or Buzzard say,
That I haue giuen the Goose her worthy stile,
But haue forgot the Gander all this while.
Ile giue them Answer (though they merit none)
I doe Include both sexes vnder one,
Tis knowue to euery perfit vnderstander,
A Goose is much superiour to a Gander.
For though a man, a Mare or Gelding stride,
We briefly say, he doth on Horsebacke ride:
And though a Gelding be the beast that bare
We call't a Horse, that's neither Horse or Mare.
So Ganders vnder name of Geese doe goe,
The Gooses worthynes deserues it so.
Once I remember, Riding on my way
In *Barkshire*, neere vnto a Towne call'd *Bray*,
I on my Iourney as I past along,
Rode by a Goose, a Gander, and their young.
(I neither minding them nor yet their Crew)
The Gander in my face with fury flew,
Who in his fierce encounter was more hot,
Then if he had bin Spanish *Don Quixot*.
But sure himselfe so brauely he did beare,
Because his Loue and Lady Goose was there:
And 'twas a spur his Chiuallry vnto,
To haue his sweet heart see what he did doe
My Horse he started, to the ground I went,
Dismounted in that (Ganderous) tournament.
I should say Dangerous, but sure I am
That GANDEROVS is a DANGEROVS Anagram.

Taylor's Goose.

The Gander was mine enemy, what tho,
He honour worthy Valour in my foe.
He Tilted brauely, and in Liewe of it
The Gooses Quill, the Ganders praise hath writ.
Thus for the Goose I hauing done my best,
My toyled Muse retires vnto her Rest:
He shut my Inckhorne, and put vp my Pen,
So take my Goose amongst you Gentlemen.

FINIS.
